

THE FORAY OF THE HENDRIK HUDSON.

FRANK
MACKENZIE
SAVILLE
(KARF ELIAS)



COPYRIGHT
1899
BY
F.M. SAVILE

A TALE OF '54

CHAPTER VII.

DESMOND'S LUCK IN BEING A SMOKER.

In the gray of the dawning a procession wound down the aisles of the pine forest, straggling dimly among the littered debris of the woods. At the head strode a dark, heavily mustached man in the uniform of an officer of Russian infantry. Beside him, carrying coal bags, were a dozen figures. As he surveyed their strong exertion under the weight they bore he smiled complacently and stroked his chin. He eyed their burdens greedily. Then his glance strayed to the tail of the procession, where, handcuffed and roped, a score and a half of captives slunk between as many guards. He chuckled aloud in his glee and once, as Proebles raised his head and shot a fiery glance at him, he lifted his cap and saluted him mockingly.

"Soys in blenny, mon cousin; soys in blenny," he called ironically and pointed before him with a laugh. An imprecation shot from between the colonel's teeth, and he whispered to his companion, Desmond, who stumbled beside him: "The dog! My life for his if I have but luck! But my Hilmar, my Hilmar! If I did but know of her safety!"

"He can't possibly have captured her," muttered the other. "D'you suppose he wouldn't have been throwing it in your teeth and glorying over you by now if he had? She has found refuge among your people somehow. You may be sure of it. It must be so," he continued fiercely, insistently. "He doesn't even know of her being here. He thinks her left behind at Stockholm."

"Who can tell?" sighed the colonel. "He is fit for any devilishness. My God, if she should be in his hands! But she knows how to die, as do all Polish gentlemen. She has her little pistol."

"Don't," shuddered Desmond, "for God's sake! I can't bear to think of it. I should go mad."

The colonel turned to him. "What can it be to you compared with me, my father, on whose responsibility her coming rests? Curse those fools of yours who let themselves be surprised!" he burst out with the sudden irritation born of utter despair. "This ever an Englishman who in his thick hidden conceit believes himself beyond the possibility of an overreach. But for me we might be sailing—Ah, forgive me, my friend!" as Desmond's white face and haggard eyes showed his silent misery. "I am an old man. She was my one hope. I am unstrung. I babble I know not what. The fault is mine, mine alone. Forgive!" One of the guards turned and hit the speaker across the shoulder with his ramrod. "Silence!" he shouted. "Silence, you muttering old reprobate! Name of all the saints, can't you obey the commands of your superior?" And he glanced to the head of the procession for approval.

Desmond's face flushed a passionate crimson as he saw this outrage on the father of his heart's desire. With a roar of reckless rage he leaped at the fellow and, bringing his fettered hands above his head, smote his handcuffs with fearful force into the other's eyes. A stream of blood burst from the wound and flooded the battered face. Blinded and stunned, the scout staggered back into the arms of a companion. Paul Proebles turned just in time to see the blow. With a snarl of rage he snatched a rifle from the soldier beside him and, scarce taking aim, fired point blank at the Englishman as he stood across his foe. As the clatter of the shot died into the echoes Desmond flung up his hands and spun round. With a thud he fell upon his face, rolled half over and slid back again. As his body settled into the angle between two boulders a shiver twitched his shoulders. Then he lay still.

A groan rose from all the captives as they stood paralyzed by the sudden tragedy. The groan became a shout, and they flung themselves desperately upon their guards and fought, swinging each his fettered wrists. A vain struggle! Within five minutes all were battered and roped into utter subjection, and the long line of bruised wretches was stumbling anew down the track, half blinded, bleeding, smitten and cowed. At the head again the leader raged, venting furious curses, while between two of his fellows the disgraced soldier was led, bemoaning his sightless eyes, over which the blood caked continually as it welled from his scarred cheeks.

Before they left they raised and looked at the prone figure between the stones. A red ooze was spreading over Desmond's side. His face was colorless. His inert body was limp, and the clothes hung haggard about him. The breath was silent between his white lips.

"A cursed shrewd shot, captain," said the sergeant. "This cock will crow no more."

"The English dog!" answered the officer. "Let the carrion rot. A fit meal for the forest. Let wolf eat wolf. There'll be little left of him by morning."

They flung the body back among the stones and continued down the faint forest track. For some few minutes the crackle of their tread among the pine needles, then quiet fell again upon the forest. Upon the boulders Desmond awoke motionless.

was a cough, and a faint color rose to his face. His eyes opened and stared at him with wondering inquiry. Suddenly he sat up and gazed round him amazedly. Hilmar's surprise at this resurrection of the seeming dead marked his own at finding himself in unexpected surroundings.

"Don't move, don't move!" she implored. "You'll bleed to death. Please, please, lie still till I can get help."

Desmond winked and blinked at her stupidly. Then, with an effort, he stood up. Hilmar gasped in her amazement. He slipped himself about the ribs with a grimace. Then he stared confusedly down at the blood smear on his side. He thrust his hand beneath his jacket and tugged at something. He produced a jagged bit of silver that winked cheerfully in the sunlight. A hoarse giggle broke from him.

"He's delirious!" sobbed Hilmar in despair. "What shall I do?"

At her voice Desmond's wits began to grow to him again. He took the girl's hand and held it fast. The color was back again in his face finely now.

"Dear Miss Proebles, I assure you I'm right as the nail. The beggar hit my cigarette case edge-ways and my pocketbook. The bullet never penetrated. Bar having every vestige of breath knocked out of me, I'm as fit as da-as a fiddle, I mean."

The girl eyed him doubtfully. "But the blood!" she gasped. "You must be wounded."

"Never a bit," he answered cheerily. "A jag of my cigarette case has just scratched me; that's all. Any bit of sticking plaster will put that right. But how on earth did you get here?"

"I followed you last night. I saw you find the treasure. I watched you all the time. After the first few minutes I was never 20 yards from you. I walked behind you all the way back. I wanted to triumph over father and all of you and show that I was quite capable of sharing your adventure. I was going to burst upon you and—"

—laugh at you when I saw those horrible men rise up and fell you. I just kept from screaming and ran back into the shadow. Then I didn't know what to do. I was so frightened, all alone. At last I thought of our old jagger, Stefan. He lives in a little cottage in the woods apart from the village. It's he who always sent father the rents he managed to collect. It took me two hours to get there, and it was still dark when I arrived. I didn't dare knock, in case there should be some one with him. So I sat about in the bushes till morning, and then he came out, and I knew him. When I ran down, he crossed himself and tried to exercise me," and a watery smile crossed her face. "He thought I was a ghost. He took me in and gave me food. Then he went out to reconnoiter and told me that you were all coming along bound. Then I watched with him and saw you killed, as I thought, and the speaker's lips trembled. Stefan has gone on to see what becomes of dear father and the rest. Now we must go back to Stefan's cottage and think what's to be done."

"Whatever we find to do, Miss Hilmar," he said, with a look into her eyes that made the long lashes droop, "believe me that only with my life will I give up the attempt to free your father." Then the girl led the way silently down the narrow forest.

They walked quickly through the tangle of the pine trunks, the girl leading. Half an hour saw them enter a little clearing of the forest where a trellised log hut centered.

An old man, bent with age and with features furrowed by many a winter gale, welcomed Hilmar with ejaculations of commiseration and anxiety. Sending her into the inner room, he insisted on Desmond removing his coat and proceeding to dress the scarred side with a decoction of lily leaves and brandy. Then, with hospitable haste, he set bread and fish before them and waited on them, stopping now and again to pat his young mistress's shoulder, muttering pious prayers to the mother of God and all saints to preserve his master, the colonel, and send him release from the hands of his enemies.

As they ate and fortified themselves for what should be the old forerunner explained his doings since he left them to follow the soldiers.

"It is but a poor report I have," he said mournfully. "They are all bestowed in the orchard barn. The walls are three feet thick, as you know. And there is the goat. How can we reach them?"

"Won't the people join us? Surely the whole village is at our back to help their master?"

"In sympathy, one of noble birth. But you don't remember. Let us pre-

ly would I give it for the master. But the others—that is different. Besides, the man has a brace of cannon as well as two score of the soldiers. Ever since he came he has known himself unsafe."

The poor girl covered her face with her hands and sobbed. "My father, my father! What can I do? It is death for him, death, and I am left alone! Oh, what can I do? What can I do?"

Desmond put his hand gently upon her shoulder.

"Dear Miss Hilmar, there is always hope while he is alive. Don't despair. Your cousin doesn't know there are two of us hovering round to find every loophole of escape. The only guard will be from the inside. We have every chance for a rescue."

She dried her eyes and looked up at him with a gratitude shining in her face that sent his pulses dancing.

"You shame me," she answered. "Just when I should be strong to plan for father I break down and whine like a beaten puppy. You are wounded and have nothing to save but your own life, and yet you are willing to risk it for us, whom you have only known for a week or two."

It's just because I want the acquaintance to last a lifetime," said Desmond, with a tender look in his brave eyes, and for the second time that morning Hilmar blushed delightfully beneath her ardent looks.

It was by devious ways and the darkest recesses of the forest that old Stefan took them that evening till from among the belt of laurels that fringed the castle garden they looked upon the prison house that held their friends. The castle and all the out-buildings lay in the form of a square upon an island circled by an irregular moat. The river made a bend almost at right angles and looped itself about an acre of grass land. A channel cut across the narrowest diameter of the promontory made the water defenses entire. On the far sides of the stream were walls both broad and high. The only entrance was by a drawbridge and beneath an arch. Along the wall head the clank of weapons was to be heard, showing that beneath them sentries strode. It was a fortress seemingly impregnable.

"The eastern wing that holds the great barn, and there they are bestowed," said Stefan sadly. "Nothing but artillery could pierce those walls."

Hilmar stared at the gray stoops hopelessly, her gaze finally wandering to Desmond's face with a glance of despairing appeal. He was gnawing his mustache as he silently ruminated on the situation. Then he broke out: "One of the worst difficulties to me is the getting away. If we did manage to release them, there is still the guard on the yacht. They'll have to bring out your father and the rest to get them down to Osborn. We might manage something on the way, but without the yacht to get off in what could we do?"

Hilmar translated to old Stefan.

"That's no great difficulty," said he. "If the captain of noble birth can extract them from these walls, I will charge them myself with the guard on the yacht. There are but a half dozen of them," he added contentiously.

"How?" cried Hilmar. "You?"

"Yes," answered the old man meekly, "but that you shall see when the time comes. The first question is the scaling of these walls."

Desmond was still staring at the walls that stood out in such uncompromising grimness across the sheen of moonlit water. Unconsciously he gnawed at his fingers, thinking, planning, rejecting desperate proposal after proposal as they formed in his brain. Suddenly at the far corner of the building his gaze strayed and fixed itself. Still gazing at his knuckles, he looked and looked, working and turning over his new formed idea. He turned to his companions.

"That group of poplars there—is that opposite the barn?"

"Yes," said Stefan wearily. "This almost exactly opposite. But there the stream is deepest, though not so wide."

"Can we get into the clump without being seen?"

"Assuredly. None knows of our presence. We are not expected."

"Come, then. I begin to see light."

The three wormed and scuffled through the thick undergrowth of laurel and rhododendron and by slow degrees and with immense caution reached at last the water's edge beneath the tall trees whose branches shot out across the stream. Here they halted, and Desmond scanned the distance with his eye.

"How do they get light and air into the barn?" he asked the old jagger. "Where are the windows?"

"There, at the edge of the roof, one of noble birth! Look at the eaves against the sky, and you will see the bars stick out in places."

WATCH YOUR KIDNEYS.

The Most Important Organs in the Human Body—They Throw Out All Disease.

Swamp-Root Cures Weak Kidneys.

Does your back ache? Do you have pains across your kidneys? Is your complexion chalky, gray, white?

Is your skin dry or feverish? Are there puffing bags beneath your eyes? Are your eyes dull, listless and dead-looking?

Are you irritable and hard to please? Do you feel as though you have heart trouble?

Do you have to urinate several times in the night? Is there ever a scalding, burning sensation there? Do you feel the desire immediately to urinate again, with no result?

Is your urine clouded, thick or milky?

Is there any sediment or do particles float in it?

Don't neglect these conditions, and if they or any part of them are yours, Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, will be found just the medicine you need.

Here's a simple test for the kidneys, just as certain as though a physician were in personal attendance on your case: Pour some of your "morning" urine in a glass or bottle and allow it to stand twenty-four hours. Then hold it up to the light, and if you find any sediment, or if it is thick or milky, or if small particles float about in it, don't hesitate for a moment, but write at once to Dr. Kilmer & Co., mention the DEMOCRAT, and immediately begin using the sample of Swamp-Root which you will receive at once, absolutely free by mail. The results will surprise you.

Swamp-Root is purely vegetable, pleasant to take, and is for sale by druggists everywhere in bottles of two sizes and two prices—fifty cents and one dollar. Bear in mind the name, Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y.

breaking. I begin to swing the cord like a pendulum till it flies out right over the window bars. Then I let it drop a foot or two, and it catches and lodges in a corner of the grating. I shall pull it as tight as I can, and there you have the bridge I want."

"But—put you can't swing across a rope like that!"

"No, but I can if it's a thick one, and then I'll have to be if the others are to come back across it. When I get on to the roof, I can file the bars, drop down into the prison, untie the others, and then back we all troop through the forest as hard as we can split. Stefan says he's going to have the yacht ready for us. How I don't know, but that's his affair. Before morning we shall be 40 miles out into the Baltic, and it's 20 to 1 on our eluding any old ark they've got to send after us. It's as simple as getting shaved."

Hilmar and Stefan both shook their heads. The proposal seemed so utterly crack-brained.

"Supposing the captain gets on to the roof," said the latter, "how does he know he can file the bars? The sentries will see him. He will only waste his own life purposely. Why not wait till they are brought out to travel down to Osborn?"

"Because we shall be three to 30 then," answered Desmond. "How can we attack half a company of armed soldiers? No; my plan is the only feasible one."

"I can't let you," said Hilmar desperately. "It isn't honorable. Why should you risk yourself for us? No; I won't permit it."

Desmond smiled quietly. "I am going, Miss Hilmar. Don't let us discuss anything but the ways and means. After all, if I was taken we should be no worse off than we are now."

"Much worse off," replied Hilmar, "because you, too, would be in the hands of the enemy."

"You forget, excellency. They are bound. The walls are smooth. It is nothing to me, do you think," she added, with sudden passion, "that you should risk your life?"

Desmond's eyes lit up with a glow of tenderness. "I—I hoped it might be something," he said simply. "But do you think there is no happiness to me in adventuring something for you and yours?"

Hilmar looked up at him for a moment without speaking. Her eyes were like stars in the soft twilight of the shadow.

"It must be as you wish," she said gravely. "But if you are taken—are and a sob escaped her as she strove for words—"What has life left for me?"

"The memory that to two men at least you were all in all," said Desmond, and he put out his hand and met hers as it strayed toward him, as if it sought support in this sudden strain of despair. "As if I could fail now!" he added triumphantly, pressing the shaking little palm.

Suddenly, impulsively, the girl raised his clasping hand to her lips and kissed it. Then, with a burning face, she gave a whispered command to old Stefan and began hastily to thread her way through the bushes and back into the forest.

Desmond stood for a minute like one to whom the gates of paradise are opened. He regarded his right hand in a sort of ecstatic amaze. Then quickly

he pressed it to his own lips, as if transferring that precious influence to safer keeping. As one in a dream he followed the other two, and the whole party disappeared in the mazes of the forest.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

My Bruce.

I was born with more courage than most women, I suppose, for, notwithstanding my cottage was somewhat retired and my life somewhat hermitlike, with Bruce as my only constant companion, it never once occurred to me to be afraid.

To be sure, I employed a servant, who came regularly every morning and left punctually at 7 o'clock every evening, but this arrangement, of course, necessitated my being alone during the night. Nevertheless I liked the arrangement. My great, tawny brute friend was, I used laughingly to assert, equal to a score of men in faithfulness, intelligence and courage and more than equal to a host of women, so far as agreeable companionship was concerned. And now let Bruce's deeds become manifest.

It was a bleak, autumn night. Betty had gone, and I, after luxuriating over a book till long past bedtime, finally exchanged it for a season of quiet meditation before the open fire. This last occupation ended in a nap, though of what length I cannot determine. I only know I was suddenly aroused by a sound which, slight as it was, startled me to my feet and the full possession of my senses.

With a keen sense of something wrong I glanced round. The lamp had burned low, and in the faint, flickering light I discerned Bruce motionless as a statue before the French window opening on to the lawn. His tawny coat was bristling with impatient wrath and his eyes, fierce and watchful, were fixed steadily on the glass.

In spite of my cool blood I began to feel alarmed and involuntarily whispered softly:

"Bruce! Bruce!"

He smoothed his rough coat and turned a quick, intelligent glance upon me, with an acknowledging nod of his tail, and then in an instant resumed his former attitude and savage appearance.

Dropping on my knees beside him, I breathlessly listened and soon heard the sound of stealthy footsteps on the porch without. Raising my wits, I sprang lightly and quickly to my feet and hastened to the kitchen, intending to unfasten the door and give Bruce the chance to seize the intruder unexpectedly and thus to his serious disadvantage. But on reaching the door I paused, exclaiming in a frightened whisper:

"Another! And he is picking the lock!"

Waiting only long enough to assure myself that the bolts were securely fastened, I hurried back to the sitting room. Quickly seizing Bruce by the collar, I drew him from his post, whispering in vehement tones:

"Hist, Bruce, hist!"

Comprehending in an instant that I had constituted myself his leader, the intelligent creature eagerly followed me to the kitchen. There he showed a disposition to halt, but at a word he sprang after me as I opened the door leading to the cellar and descended the stairs.

Fearful that he might betray us by bounding over some unseen obstacle, I placed my hand on his collar and carefully and silently groped my way to the cellar door. It was only a minute's work to unfasten it and throw it softly up and back. I did it, at the same time seizing Bruce, who, crowding close upon my heels, came near slipping the leash prematurely.

Restraining him as well as I could, I crept softly round the house until we were within a few feet of the man behind the kitchen lock. Absorbed in his nefarious task, he turned neither to the right nor left, and with a low, sharp "Seize him!" in Bruce's ear, I loosed my hold.

Swift and silent as an arrow from the bow he shot forward, and the next instant his teeth were fastened on the throat of his unsuspecting victim, and his huge form rose uppermost as they tumbled over together.

Impelled by a fear that he might in his savage wrath destroy the poor wretch, I sprang forward. But only a step.

In the moment's excitement I had quite forgotten the villain lurking on the far porch, and here he stood within a pace of me, his pistol leveled full at my faithful ally.

With a loud cry of terror, I threw up my hand and sent the weapon whirling over his shoulder, a harmless report ringing sharply on the still night air. He turned on me, a fearful oath giving emphasis to the cruel hand with which he seized my hair and shook me.

"I'll touch you!" he hissed as I cried out under his grasp.

But the sentence was never finished. The next instant he relaxed his hold to combat a more formidable adversary.

Roused to a perfect frenzy by the sound of my cries and the sight of the villain's hand upon me, Bruce had left his maimed and half unconscious foe to fly with redoubled fury at my assailant.

The struggle was short and fierce, but the brute proved more than a match for the man, and, with his ready teeth and savage growl to assist him, I succeeded in placing the wretch under bonds as strong as those with which I had already secured his crippled companion.

Poor Bruce left the battlefield with several bad flesh wounds, but he limped after me into the kitchen, wagging his tail as if in indignation, as if he had never felt the cruel knife blade and very evidently with a full sense of the inestimable service he had rendered me and his own consequent importance.

Dear old Bruce! I dressed his wounds, kissed him and then fed him regally on sirloin steak, which latter attention, I am compelled to admit, was obviously the most acceptable.

As for my uninvited guests, common humanity led me to make them as comfortable as possible for the night on their hard beds, and the next day I saw to it that they reached their proper destination.—New York News.

Wagoner & Marsh
If you were delayed or failed to get that present for Christmas, then wait and make a
New Year's Gift.
For this purpose you can select a very appropriate article in the shape of a
A PAIR OF FINE DRESS SHOES, A PAIR OF NICE SLIPPERS.
Remember we keep the best lines at all times. We wish our patrons, one and all, A HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR.
WAGONER & MARSH, 109 South Howard St.

ARE YOU SATISFIED
With the condition of your teeth? No! Then why not let us put them in a condition that will enhance your beauty, health and comfort? You will be surprised at the small cost and delighted with the result. If it is necessary to draw your teeth
We Do Painless Extracting
And you keep your senses alert all the while; we don't put you to sleep. Fillings, 50c up. Plates, \$6.00 Set. Bridge Work, \$5.00. Best Gold Crowns, \$5.00. All work guaranteed 20 years.
Examination Free.
New York Dentists
146 and 148 South Main St., Akron. Open, 8 a.m. to 8 p.m., Sundays 9 to 1

Special Notice—Prices Cut In Two
We wish to announce that we HAVE CUT PRICES IN TWO on every
TRIMMED HAT IN OUR STORE.
Plain and Fancy Corsets at 50c, 75c and \$1.00
Come Soon. A Splendid Line to Select From.
Miss Helen Griffin, Corner High and Exchange Sts.

J. W. LITTLE
124 S. Main St.
Everything in Millinery must go at once. All Trimmed and Untrimmed Hats at your own price. Ladies' Furnishings, Fancy Goods, etc., etc., at half price.
J. W. LITTLE.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.
After the Milliner's Opening.
She stood in morning beguile.
"This hat," she said, "displeases me."
Her pretty brows were in a frown;
She raised the scissors and cut down.
The broom, behind the kitchen door,
Looked down upon the littered floor.
But still she snipped and snipped and clipped
Until the thing apart was ripped.
Unwashed the broken dishes stood,
The fire decreased for want of fuel,
But still her dainty fingers twist
The cotton bits that way and this.
The clock gave out a warning stroke,
With triumph in her voice she spoke—
And gave each plume a loving pat—
"I wonder how I'll look in that!"
Farmer Slocum Opines.
By gum! To see the duds
At such attitudes
Over a chris-an-tha-mum
Makes me sick, in deed, I vum!
An we can beat it, y'us,
Right here to hum.
"Tis my opine
They never seen a dandelin
In the meadow bloom!
It don't mas 'ed set 'em movin'
The lawn a-movin', they'd cum
To be more knowin'.
Though ye gatter 'low lots of shucks
A-reckon on a tarnation duds.
The Cause.
A vision of grandeur,
Like as the dew,
The shadows that fall on her
Laugh as they go;
While, deep in the meadow,
The wild flowers sweet,
All humble, bend down
"Neath her scornful young feet,
And in the green forest
The wild, sparkling brook
More softly flows on,
"Neath her lingering look.
All people who meet
With her sweet, winning way
More cheerily work
For the rest of the day.
But, though she is fair,
With her sparkling brown eyes
And her smiling hair,
Where the light never dies,
This maiden is sad.
And I'll tell you what a—
She dislikes the real trimmings
Upon her new hat.
—Buffalo Express.
Didn't Forget Them.

THE ABSTRACT
Title Guarantee & Trust Co.
Are owners of the "only complete Abstract Plant in Summit county."
Remember this when buying a home.
226 South Main St. Tel. 2, AKRON, O.

K. O. T. M. DANCING ACADEMY
Every Monday afternoon and evening. Children's class at 4 p.m. Instructors to adults 7 to 530. General dancing until 11 p.m. Mrs. Bertha L. Christman, Instructor. S. H. MOREY, Manager. J. W. MERE, Assistant.

Money Money
In any amount. 5 to 7 per cent. Rate of interest depends on amount wanted and security offered. Call up 15 and find out our terms. No delay, if you want money quick.
THE BRUNER-GOODHUE-COOKE CO.
Remember this when buying a home.
226 South Main St. Tel. 2, AKRON, O.

Plumbing and Heating.
Repairing steam and hot water systems and steam fitting a specialty.
Engelhart & Eckart
311 Mill St.

Don't Go Out of Town
to get tickets printed. My system of printing tickets without loss to the customer is not excelled by any printer on earth. Personal supervision of the entire work by the proprietor himself is the way it is done at this office.
Give me your next order, large or small. I will guarantee satisfaction. In other words, I will pay cash value for tickets printed at this office which were not sold by authorized persons.
Job Printing
GEO. C. JACKSON
Safety Ticket Printer, 105 Main St. Everett Building. Tel. 241.

Was It True?
Janet (indignantly)—What do you think? Will Slowgo told me last night if he had half a chance he would kiss me.
Kitty (sympathetically)—That was real mean of him, wasn't it. When he knew he had a whole chance, and you couldn't divide it?—Detroit Free Press.

Visitor—And are you the eldest?
Daughter of the House—No; I'm the eldest but two.
Visitor—Who are the other two?
Daughter of the House—Father and mother.—Fun.